

1906 May 8

The CENTRE OF VISION

MAY



MONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL

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Dore, 1833-1883

CENTRE OF VISION

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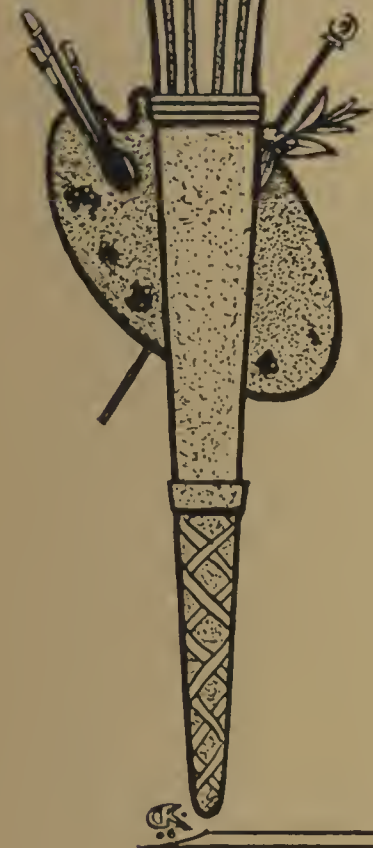
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Vol. IV.

Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1906

No. 8

The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

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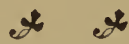
Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

10 cents a copy.

75 cents a year in school.

\$1.00 per year by mail.

Motto



Opportunity

By the late Senator John F. Ingalls

Master of human destinies am I !
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps
wait,
Cities and fields I walk : I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once, at every gate !
If feasting, rise ; if sleeping, wake before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or
hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore ;
I answer not, and I return — no more.

“No man regrets the flight of time except the one who fails to improve it.”

Ambition

My thoughts speed on to future years, nor seem
Content to stop and bide the present. Yet
I'd not in all this toil and strife for gain,
Which man through greed seems crazed to win, or die
In the attempt, be satisfied to muse.
Not meditate alone would I, but act
My thought in deeds of Fame, and high my name
In golden splendor write, that all the world
Might gaze and profit by the sight.

* * * * *

And so

This tale that might define my thought. A lad,
A shepherd fair to look upon—whose task
The simple herdsman's duty toward his flocks—
Stood idle, quiet, seemingly content,
But if perchance one were to take a near
And close survey, though lax the attitude,
Yet restless, roving was his gaze and thought.
Afar in worlds unknown his fettered soul
Might gain a place and he, a Master, strong
Among his fellow-men, would live and work,
A blessing to his race. Thus soared his mind
In meditation till his spirit burst
Its bonds, and straight and tall against the light
Of setting sun he stood and vowed his life
To Art, and with her aid a masterpiece—
To be approved by all who gazed thereon.
With one day's food, his parchment, and his reeds,
He left his flocks and sallied forth alone.
Hard task! But deep within his breast was strong
That will to overcome all trouble and
Discouragement, surmounting each in turn,
And then a glorious prize to win the goal.

“Whenever any good comes our way let us enjoy it to the fullest and pass it along in another form.”

So on he went, nor turned once in his course.
And now he tarried in a seaport town;
Then close to Nature in some country glade;
Or through some city with its squalid poor.
And ever with his aim in view he wrought,
Though oft defeated and cast down by loss,
By poverty, by ills, or other sore
Distress. And so the years passed on, and with
His face toward God, for old and weak
He'd grown, he toiled in faith that victory
Was near at hand. A vision seen when near
Death's portal gave a subject for his work,
For, once by violence his meagre wealth
Was pilfered in a night, and left for dead
He lay, till through his fevered brain there passed
Such wondrous scenes as never yet had been
Portrayed in life: renewing strength and hope
Within his enervated frame till life
Itself returned, that through his art the dream
To public gaze might be revealed. He worked
Both day and night, till soon it was complete.
Then through the bearded lips there came a strange,
Pathetic sigh, and softly, brokenly,
He murmured: "Gods—thy favor—'tis my last."
Then tenderly he made it ready to
Be sent and judged; to be returned or kept.
They gave it place of honor, and to each
Who gazed in silence on that work came peace
Of mind, and strength to brave each battle as
It came in Life's swift-changing course. And as
They looked it stirred their souls, till young and old
Alike felt rise in them a spirit of resolve
To live for one another. Thus was all
That he desired come to pass, and as
He saw the people gaze and find relief,

A home without books is like a room without windows.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A smile of calm and sweet content spread o'er
His face, and from this life he passed to that
Above, a peaceful rest, reward for such
A work.

* * * * *

Ambition is the seed to all
Success. A life that's based upon a high
And firm resolve will soon receive in Fame's
Great calendar of time his own reward.

Royal Bailey Farnum, '06.

One Way to Spend a Vacation

(Continued.)

After we had been working for a couple of days, our routine was like a machine and the work less irksome. You can imagine we were delighted when, one morning toward the end of the voyage, we found ourselves sailing along the southern coast of Ireland. It certainly was a grand sight, and especially later, when we were moving up the purple coast of Wales.

The pilot boat met us off Wales, and from then on we watched eagerly for the first sight of Liverpool. The steamer went to the landing-stage first and ran off the cattle, then crossed the Mersey, and, after the custom officers had satisfied themselves that we had no dutiable tobacco or liquor, we landed.

I thanked the captain for his hospitality, said good-by to my companions, and went down to London on the train from the Line-street station.

Edward A. Fox.

"Oh, spring, it is a gentle thing,
A pleasure-on-the-wing-time,
If we could just persuade the thing
To happen 'round in springtime."

—Exchange.

Anticipation and hope are born twins.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

An Inexpensive Palette

Take a stiff piece of straw-board, or leather-board, say one-eighth of an inch thick, cut it the desired shape, trim the thumb hole with a pen-knife, shellac both sides, and you have not only a first-class palette, but one that will not crack.

If, in addition, you glue an extra piece of board about the thumb hole and toward the side away from the paint, it will help to offset the weight of paint, and give a more comfortable hold for the thumb.

V. L. George.

The Latest Color Theory

Mr. Munsell will have to bow and retire before this newest discovery in the realm of color. An exchange says:—

“It looks as if crystal ball and palm reading will be put out of business by character reading by voice, the new fad which aristocratic London has taken up. A lecturer on the subject says that there are colors in voices. A jealous person, for example, is said to have a voice like mud. A somewhat similar shade of voice bespeaks selfishness, while a nice heliotrope tone indicates affection and devotion. It is consoling to learn that one may dye one’s voice, as it were, for with a dash of repentance, a touch of reformation, and a few other ingredients one may bring even a blackish voice to a pretty shade of pink, which is apparently the most desirable color in the vocal range. Persons who gain power to see colors in voices will have to acquire a goodly supply of tact, or it will not endear them to their friends to any great extent.”

Song of the Season

“Dear Father: Once you said, ‘My son,
To reason you have grown;
Make others *trust* you, trust yourself,
And learn to *stand alone!*’

“Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they *trust* me want their pay,
And I can *stand a loan.*”

—X.



Annie Friend Rogers, Editor

Guy Lowell, who has been selected as the architect of the coming new Museum of Fine Arts, though but thirty-five years old, and having been engaged in active practice only since 1901, is to-day doing as much work as, if not more than, any architect in the city. Every advantage in architectural training has been his, in Harvard, in Technology, and in the French Ecole des Beaux Arts, as well as under the instruction of one of the greatest French masters in landscape design. Unlike many American architects trained in the French school, however, Mr. Lowell's work has shown a distinctively American character, far different from the modern French work, and still farther unlike those unfortunate attempts on the part of Americans to transplant that work bodily to this country. The academic tendency of French architecture, an essential part of the Ecole training, is always evident in Mr. Lowell's work, even in the planning of comparatively small houses, where axes and symmetry are usually too readily sacrificed. Combined with this academic feeling there is always found that quality, difficult of analysis and perhaps still more difficult of attainment, which shall eventually produce an American style of architecture. Each work, whether country house, college dormitory, or a memorial monument, has that quality in it which, if one saw the building in South Africa or in Alaska, would bring forth the unhesitating comment: "That is American." In addition to his capabilities and peculiar fitness for developing the design of the new museum, Mr. Lowell's executive ability in the business end of his practice has helped to confirm the

Fortune ne'er helps man whose courage fails.— *Sophocles.*

trustees in their choice. It is a great satisfaction to feel that the new museum is now out of its chaotic stage, and that the essential plan will soon be developed into one of America's greatest monuments.

An exhibition of interest was recently held at the Providence Art Club. It consisted of a collection of paintings by Sydney Richmond Burleigh. Most of the works were made with the Raffaelli paint sticks. Mr. Burleigh has devoted much time to developing the possibilities of technique in this medium, and this exhibition shows what can be done with it. Mr. Burleigh was the first to introduce the use of the colors among Providence artists, and this exhibition is one of the first of the kind to be held.

The portrait of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stewart, which hangs in the Capitol at Hartford, Conn., is flaking, and in a desperate effort to save the \$100,000 canvas, Comptroller Mitchell has hurried to this place representatives of a Boston firm that makes a specialty of restoring paintings.

It is thought the work of restoration will have to be done at the Capitol, as the authorities are averse to trusting the painting to the dangers of travel. The work of restoration is most delicate, and has to be done by experts. The face must be covered by a light substance which is pasted over the paint. Then the canvas of the back on which the paint now lies must be scraped off and a new canvas substituted. Then the covering must be taken from the face, and after that any defects in the paint have to be remedied by skilful re-touching.

In the April number of the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin appeared the following interesting statement:—

“Dr. Denman W. Ross announced at the last meeting of the committee of the trustees of the Museum, of which body he is a member, his gift of all objects in the Museum which are now lent by him. Dr. Ross' name is already closely associated with the collection of Japanese pottery and the textile collection, which he has enriched by hundreds of remarkable pieces, and many other departments, including the library and

“May we stand at the same little door when all’s done!
The ways they are many, the end is one.”

photograph collections, bear witness, also, to his judgment and liberality. The present gift comprises his well-known series of Japanese prints, more than 1,800 in number and of exceptional quality—in fact, one of the chief collections in the world. Nearly 100 Oriental paintings are also included, among which are works of Chinese, Japanese, and Thibetan artists, all of excellent quality. Besides these are many Japanese metal sword-guards, bronze vessels, and pieces of woodwork. In other directions there are three paintings by Monet, a Philippe de Champaigne, a sketch by Tiepolo, a few water-colors (two by J. M. W. Turner), and some beautiful Persian illuminations.

“The collection, which consists of more than 2,100 pieces in all, is a worthy mark of Dr. Ross’ knowledge and taste no less than of his devotion to the Museum. Illustrations of some of the most important of the objects will appear in the next Bulletin.”

The following biographical sketch of Eugène Carrière is from a long article by Anna Seaton Schmidt, published in the Transcript of May 5:—

“The recent death of Eugène Carrière deprived France of one of her greatest artists. Carrière was not only a remarkable painter, but an artist of the highest order—a translator and interpreter of the deepest human emotions.

“Who can stand before his Luxembourg picture of ‘Maternité’ and not be moved by the passionate tenderness of the woman for her child? Had Carrière never painted another picture, it would entitle him to rank among the world masters—for to thus interpret the elemental passions of the human soul is the gift of genius.

“When Rodin introduced me to this painter, nine years ago, he was just emerging from the shadow cast upon his life by his long and terrible struggle with poverty. Yet he never complained of the hardships which he had endured. ‘I chose my path, and from the first was determined not to be discouraged. I did not expect to succeed at once. I was prepared to suffer and wait. Fortunately I was not alone. My wife has been my sustenance, my true helper.’

“One of seven children, his father wished him to follow a more lucrative profession, but he had inherited his love of art, and nothing but that

“He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.”

could content him. His grandfather and great-uncle had been artists, and from his infancy he could reproduce with his pencil the pictures that haunted his imagination. Yet, in compliance with his father's desire, he accepted, at nineteen, a business position in the small town of Saint-Quentin, where he continued, during his leisure hours, his studies in design. Through a lucky accident, he found himself one day in Paris with a few spare hours for the Louvre! This was his first glimpse of great pictures. Astonished, carried away by their beauty, he at once resolved to become a painter. In spite of much opposition, he resigned his position and returned to this city, where, without friends, without money, he set himself the stern task of earning his daily bread while attending the *École des Beaux Arts*.

“As a boy in the Academy of Strasbourg he had learned to illustrate. By working far into the night, he was now able to live on what he earned as an illustrator. Suddenly came rumors of war. Strasbourg was threatened by the Prussians! Dear as was his art, his country held a closer place in his heart. He enlisted, returned to defend his father's home, was taken prisoner and sent to Dresden. After seven long months of captivity, Carrière regained his liberty. Before leaving Dresden, he visited the art gallery. The mother, the Divine child of Raphael, appealed to him more strongly than the combined masterpieces of the collection. Notwithstanding the reconciliation which now took place with his father, he insisted on returning to his hard life in Paris. Continuing his studies at the *Beaux Arts*, he entered the studio of Cabanal. In 1874 he competed for the *Prix de Rome*. Failing in this, he sent a portrait of his mother to the salon. It was accepted, but attracted little attention. Six years of struggle found him no further advanced financially. Serious, pursuing his ideals, his life was very solitary because he refused to participate in the Bohemian revels of his fellow students. He regarded with horror all excesses, believing them unworthy the intelligence of man and tending to enervate, enfeeble his natural powers.

“Happily he met a noble woman who shared his views and was courageous enough to share his life. Together they fought against poverty and despair. Installed in a tiny apartment in the suburb of Van-

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.—*Franklin.*

girard, he toiled night and day to support the wife whom he adored. Designing furniture, illustrating for cheap magazines, making designs for advertisements—no work was too laborious or too humble that furnished their daily bread. His painting was his recreation, his greatest pleasure. He could not afford models nor a studio, and painted his wife, their humble home, their little child. With passionate tenderness he developed the motif that was to underlie his greatest work—‘*Maternité.*’

“Carrière was born in 1818. He began his career at the age of nineteen, and in 1885 was recognized as an artist of merit, but only by the Government, by which he was awarded a medal. Not until he had received the Medal of Honor and been decorated by the Government did his fame become universal. ‘After a life of obscurity, of poverty, I suddenly found myself in the society of men who in my youth had appeared unattainable. But I was too bruised, too much aged by hardship to become part of this new milieu. Still, I enjoyed the sympathy, the friendship for which I had never dared hope.’

“The quality which most impressed me in Carrière was his simplicity. Absolutely unspoiled by the adulation which his success had won, he continued his life of retirement, consecrating his entire energies to his work. He has been accused of posing, of striving to be ‘different’ in order to attract attention to his work. Nothing is further from the truth. He was original because he was himself. He painted nature as he saw it, but his was the vision of a poet, unfettered by tradition. What he wrote upon his canvas had already passed through his own soul. He was not always able clearly to express the truths which he strove to interpret, and his technique was often faulty, sometimes bordering on mannerism. Yet he had been a conscientious student in the schools, and for many years after had struggled to perfect his technique. ‘The strong and simple things of life must be expressed with strength and simplicity—this is difficult, very difficult, to accomplish.’”

The frontispiece this month is from a painting by Gustav Doré. He was a most imaginative, fantastic painter, more remarkable for the great number of his works than for their artistic qualities.



Edited by Dr. C. S. Butler

Twelve Health Nevers

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean back against anything that is cold.

Never take hot drinks and then go immediately out in the cold.

Never begin a journey until a good breakfast has been eaten.

Never fail to keep the back well covered, especially near the shoulder blades; also the chest well protected.

Never breathe with the mouth open in sleeping in a cold room, but establish a habit of breathing through the nose.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases.

Never ride in an open carriage or near the open window of a train for a moment immediately after exercise of any kind. It is dangerous to health, and even to life.

Never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. It is debilitating to do otherwise than merely warm the back by the fire.

Never go from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one without keeping the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Never strain the voice in an effort to speak while hoarse. Wait until the hoarseness is recovered from, or the voice may be permanently injured or difficulties of the throat produced.

Never stand still in cold weather for any length of time in the outdoor air, especially after having taken active exercise; and never stand long on the ice and snow, or where the person is exposed to cold winds.



EDITORIALS

From time to time we hear, through outside sources, of the successful work of past graduates of the school. The April number of the School Arts Book contains an interesting article on "A Recognition of Art in the University Curriculum," by William H. Varnum, director department of Fine and Applied Arts, Millikin University, Decatur, Ill. Mr. Varnum graduated from the Public School Class in 1903, and in his article states that: "Upon suggestion of Dr. J. B. Shaw, one of the foremost mathematicians of the Middle West, Art has received actual recognition in this university, as a substitute for certain branches of mathematics in college courses, for the reason that it offers a most serious and valuable sort of mental discipline closely akin to that of mathematics." It is interesting to note what rapid strides Art is taking, and that Normal Art School graduates are among the leaders who are bringing about this advancement.

We wish to express our deepest sympathy, with the thousands of others, toward our suffering countrymen in San Francisco. The true American spirit is forcibly shown in the courageous manner in which they look at only the bright side of the disaster and plan for a much more beautiful and artistic city. We will do well to apply the lesson to ourselves, and, though the present looks dark, plan for a glorious future.

Dr. Butler gave two very interesting health talks recently to two of the classes. Perhaps it is not generally known that this was the first school to employ a regular school physician. Since then others have followed the good example set them by the state.

In order that we may enlarge the June number and introduce a number of cuts, it will be necessary to raise the price to twenty-five cents. The publication will be limited, and all wishing one or more copies must see that their subscriptions are in at an early date.

Teach by your lives.— *Bonar.*

Class Notes

'06

Rita B. Grant

Isabel Harrington

The class of 1906 held a fully-attended class meeting Thursday morning, May 10, at which all plans for graduation were settled.

The exercises will be on Thursday morning, June 21, immediately followed by a light spread, in charge of a spread committee, chosen by the president.

Miss Jean Kimber was unanimously voted valedictorian. The honor of class prophecy was divided among four members of the class, one from each section, namely: Mr. Gracey, representing Class C; Mr. Johnston, from the Portrait Class; Miss Harris, from the Public School Class; and Miss Harrington, from the Design Class. Miss Edna Bisbee was elected class poet, and Miss Rogers class historian.

The prom, gift, and banquet committees were chosen, and the chairmen are as follows: the Misses Holcombe, Barnd, and Kimber.

The prom and picture committees gave reports of progress, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Senior Prom will be held at the Hotel Tuileries May twenty-eighth, and the number will be limited to fifty couples. The subscription will be one dollar apiece, and tickets may be obtained from the Misses Holcombe, Blake, and Harrington, of the Senior class.

A most enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells to the Public School Class and the editorial staff of the CENTRE or VISION Friday, May 4. After an informal reception, tea was served by Miss Bartlett. Later Mr. Morton read some of his humorous stories.

On May 2 the Design Class, with Mr. George, visited the shop of Harry Eldridge Goodhue in Cambridge, maker of mediaeval stained glass windows. The trip proved very interesting, for the process by which these windows are made is quite a little different from the modern method. They concluded their visit with a picnic upon the banks of the Charles river, and after a very sumptuous repast different sports were indulged in.

"The calm man is his own cyclone cellar."

Ask Bill what happened to his hat.

We have only a few more weeks of school, yet how many things we want to accomplish! Don't leave everything until the last moment.

Teachers' agencies and graduation gowns have a queer effect. A P. S. C. girl dreamed that she was interviewing an agency. They told her that if she were only registered with them, they had a position at \$2,000 a year which would just fit her.

"Are you sure it would fit?"

"Oh, yes. The bust measure is thirty-four inches."

"Well, just see if the waist is the same as mine. If it is I'll pay the \$2 now."

The mock election in the P. S. C. proved a success. The pretty girls were defeated by the ugliest in the studio—A. O. H. Our only Mann insisted that avoirdupois should have it, but "Miss O'Donohue" finally talked them into her view. The noisiest girl won!

The Treasurer is now ready.

We are very glad to have those basketry lessons.

'07

Louise M. Webb

Edward A. Fox

The Junior Prom

The annual Glee Club dance, which has hitherto been one of the social events of the school, was superseded this year by a Junior Prom. The first one of its kind was held in the school hall on Friday evening, April 27, and was well supported by the lower classes.

The decorative scheme in the hall was Japanese. Above the stage a string of lanterns spelled the words, "Junior Prom, '07." During one of the dances four Japanese umbrellas, filled with confetti and suspended from the centre of the hall, showered their contents over the dancers.

If the success of the dance, both socially and financially, is any criterion, it shows conclusively that a Junior Prom should be one of the annual school events.

What has become of composition? Only a few weeks more.

“To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

“Those Beautiful Eggs.” (Second time here.)

Batey seams nicely.

“Merits” for the four Seniors.

Chicken or ham sandwich?

Michael Angelo and his piccolo; W---l-----r and his flute.

I have heard many of the students of this school express a desire for running hot water in order to wash their paint brushes. Certainly it would be a first-rate idea, for in the winter time one's hands are pretty sore after using that ice-cold water and soap, to say nothing of the freezing towels. Let us hope that the school board will provide us with this necessity.

'08

Annette Washburn

Augustus B. Booth

We regret that Fido will not be with us for a while on account of ill health. Even when she is not with us, she will show the proper school spirit by having the CENTRE OF VISION sent to her.

We wish that all of our classmates would show the same spirit by subscribing as that young lady did. The sale in our class last month was the smallest of any class in the school. Have you all thought how pleasant it would be to read the school paper long after you have left this school, to recall pleasant incidents and associations? Each student should own every copy of the paper published while he or she was a student.

Vesuvius Ericson will not return for two years after next June. She will be in Europe for over two years studying architecture. Then the CENTRE OF VISION will go to Copenhagen, and there will be pretty postal cards on the rack every day for the students to study. So, you see, the Sophomores are not a slow lot, after all the talk about subscriptions.

Let us see what we can do about a large representation at the Senior Prom.

Oh! where is our president, Jim Brennan?

Louise seems to hold down the job in the Design Class all right, even though she comes to school only for lunch.

“Action without purpose and direction is of little value. A grasshopper has more action than a bee.”

'09

Lillian Holden

Chester B. Park

Although not Chinese, the favorite dish served by Miss B—— in Mr. Cross' studio is “Stewed-ants.”

Miss Crosby was welcomed by her many friends at her return, after a brief illness.

“Look out for paint.”

If Mr. Bartlett had only walked into the small studio the afternoon of May 9!

Next time strain your fixatif, Miss E.

A new receipt for fixatif, very quickly made: Put the shellac powder and alcohol in a sauce pan and boil it.

“Bubble” suggests that the last day of school we have a fancy dress carnival and build a large bonfire of “spotty and cut-up drawings,” levels, and plumb-lines. Don't fail to attend.

Fresh fruit and vegetables given away in the water-color class. Save all your green trading stamps and patronize home industries.

M. N. A. S. has been well represented on the swanboats lately. Nature study, of course!

A benefit performance of “Romeo and Juliet” for the San Francisco relief fund will be given in Miss Bailey's studio any time when the principals happen to think of it. Standing room only.

“Don't feed the monkeys,” especially the monkey in Locker 46.

“The Loring Patent Heater,” all rights reserved. Free demonstration on the top floor on Fridays, eleven to two.

Teacher (to pupil): “I am glad to see you here first at last. You have always been behind before.”

“And you got in for nothing?”

“Yep. Walked in backwards, and they thought I was coming out.”



Helen F. Morton, Editor

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Irving Echoes, from San Francisco, calls for an honest word of commendation. The school happenings are chronicled with much brevity and clearness, and the editorial column is most interesting. "A Dinner in Japan" is especially notable, but the description of an artist's studio is weak and commonplace.

Normal College Echo has made a great stride. All the departments are carefully worked up, and there seems to be more of a variety of reading matter.

The April number of the *Crescent* is, without a doubt, the best publication we have received from the hands of any student body this season. It reflects great credit upon the editors. Five good short stories in one issue is unusual, to say the least.

Eleven pages of advertisements and two pages of school yells go to make up the important part of the *Easter Stator*. It is an ambitious rather than a successful effort, and certainly fails in interest.

Again we say, "Where is your exchange column, *Calendar*?" Let us hope that the editors who have charge of this paper next season may deem it possible to introduce an exchange department, that we may receive criticism from a paper so ably conducted.

The *Drury Academe*, hailing from North Adams, is an enterprising and entertaining paper. For originality of plot, "The Masked Ball" is very admirable. The author maintains throughout a certain cleverness of style which is successful in holding the attention. The growth of the *Academe* will be watched with interest.

Why, oh why, do we receive, in endless succession, papers with "Please Exchange" written or stamped all over the covers? Is it that these exchanges do not get our copies, or do the exchange editors feel as though it is part of their duty to carry out this abominable idea?

“A man who calmly accepts sneers to-day will not be spoiled by congratulations to-morrow.”

Alumni Notes

Fred V. Cann, Editor

Adams, Massachusetts

The glad May days have come, bringing the birds and the flowers. The dead days are gone. Let them go. Things take on a living hue. Life is awakening from his long sleep, and has cast aside his robes of ermine for his mantle of green and gold. See him arise and begin work with the dawning seasons: follow him and his myriad army; hear the sound of his advancing hosts; behold the ever-changing beauty of their pageantry.

He is heralded from every tree, pool, and stream, on hill and dale, on land and sea. All do him reverence. The trees nod their welcome, the flowers laugh from a thousand hillsides, the waters sing his praises, and all are glad at his coming. For he rides upon the winds, he scatters light and warmth before him, and life and beauty follow in his train. Is he not a royal visitor worthy the admiration of all? Come, let us rejoice and be glad in these days of here and now.

Read the article by Varnum, '03, in the School Arts Book for April.

H. S. Thayer, '04, is drafting for the Lynn General Electric Company.

Miss Ethel L. Chase, '05, is to be married to Dr. Walter Curtis Miner June 6, at eight P. M., in the All Souls' Unitarian Church, Elm Hill, Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Bertha M. Winslow, '05, after a year's stay at Rutland, died at her home in Lynn.

Miss Ourish, '05, is assistant at Wellesley High School.

“Ire-member, Ire-member,” sang a man who had just bought a wooden leg for himself.—Ex

Even about a war there is an aim-iable hospital-ity.—Ex.

“A soft answer turneth away wrath,” but never a book agent.



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